

**The Random Jottings of Donald Jay from Nelson in Pendle.**

**Moving Elevator Location Birkdale Palace Hotel (no longer standing)**

In the quaint town of Birkdale, there once stood a majestic structure known as the Palace Hotel. Its grandeur attracted visitors from far and wide, offering luxurious accommodations and a sense of opulence. However, within the elegant facade of the hotel, a haunting manifestation resided, a tale that would be whispered through the ages. It was April 1969, a time when the Palace Hotel had fallen into disrepair. Plans for its demolition were underway, and workers diligently toiled to dismantle the once-vibrant establishment. Yet, as they ventured deeper into the heart of the building, they would soon discover that they were not alone.

The most peculiar occurrences took place within the ageing elevator that served as a relic of the hotel's former glory. The lift seemed to possess a life of its own, moving without warning or refusing to budge when commanded. The perplexed workers found themselves at the mercy of this mischievous contraption, bewildered by its behaviour. As rumours spread, the spectral presence haunting the elevator became the subject of intense speculation. The local townsfolk believed that the ghostly figure was none other than the hotel's original architect, a man whose name was lost to time. Legend had it that he had met a tragic fate, ending his own life by leaping from the rooftop after realizing that the grand hotel had been built facing the wrong direction.

It was said that the architect's tormented spirit clung to the hotel, unable to rest in peace until the mistake was rectified. The spectral entity, trapped within the confines of the Palace Hotel, continued to make its presence known, even as the demolition plans progressed.

Witnesses spoke of strange occurrences, doors slamming shut, inexplicable drafts of icy air, and whispers echoing through the desolate corridors. But it was the elevator that remained the primary stage for the ghost's eerie performances. Workers would step inside, their hearts racing as the lift would ascend or descend without prompting. Some claimed to have glimpsed a fleeting figure in the mirrors, a shadowy spectre that disappeared as quickly as it had appeared.

Despite the growing unease, the workers pressed on, determined to complete their task despite the supernatural obstacles they faced. They cut the power to the entire building, yet the elevator continued to move, as if propelled by an otherworldly force. It seemed that even in death, the architect's determination to rectify his mistake held firm.

The tale of the Palace Hotel and its haunted elevator would linger in the memories of the townsfolk long after the building's demise. The hotel may have been reduced to rubble, but the spirit of the architect, forever tied to the building he had designed, would continue to wander the grounds, forever seeking solace.

Decades later, as new structures stood in place of the Palace Hotel, locals and visitors alike would share the story of the ghostly elevator, a reminder of a bygone era and the legacy of an architect whose tragic fate forever intertwined with the grandeur and misfortune of the Birkdale Palace Hotel.

**By Donald Jay.**